**READER’S THEATRE PRESENTATION – EXAMPLE OF A SCRIPT**

**Theme – Majesty in “Tudor King”**

The nadir of humanity, the flashing eyes and the compulsive spirit moving there revealed the stuff of majesty

A man who won’t die for something is not fit to live

A young prince must be prudent like that, giving freely while his father lives so that afterwards in age when fighting stars steadfast companions will stand by him and hold the line. Behaviour that’s admired is the path to power among people elsewhere

A boy who won’t stand up for himself becomes a man who can’t stand up to anything

I know I have the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and a king of England too

I ain’t against him, but if George was to come out from England and say, “Tudor, will you take over?” Why, I wouldn’t refuse him.

He’s holding back he’s hiding; but what I can’t decide; why won’t he be the king I know he is; the king I see inside

As I walk these broad, majestic days of peace, for the war, the struggle of blood finish’d, wherein, O terrific Ideal! Against vast odds, having gloriously won, Now thou stridest on – yet perhaps in time toward denser wars, Perhaps to engage in time in still more dreadful contests, dangers Longer campaigns and crises, labours beyond all others

I’m just a step away; I’m just a breath away; Losing my faith today; Falling off the edge today; I am just a man; Not superhuman; I’m not superhuman; Someone save me from the hate

Risin’ up, straight to the top; Have the guts, got the glory; Went the distance, now I’m not gonna stop; Just a man and his will to survive

Now you will not swell the rout of lads that wore their honours out; runners whom renown outran and the name died before the man

Well on the way; his head in a cloud; the man of a thousand voices; is talking perfectly loud; but nobody ever hears him or the sound he appears to make; and he never seems to notice

The voice not creaking now but great

For once in my life I was the king of the earth

You are the king by your own fireside, as much as any monarch in his throne

Home is the place where, when you go there, they have to take you in

He tried his best for his dog. Knowing we’d come when the storm dropped, Old Man Tudor.

There’s a hero if you look inside your heart; you don’t have to be afraid of what you are

Hero: a man, admired for achievements and regarded as a role model.

Heroes suffer; they frequently die, often put to death by us. But even in such a case, to be a hero is to have done what we needed done; he has clarified something for us, found an answer, discovered a new and fruitful direction that we desperately needed. Heroic transgression is never just mindless disobedience. If a hero transgresses, it is in order to deepen and broaden the best in us, not to spoil or obliterate it. His actions are principled and clear enough for us to understand them, even if we never entirely get our minds around him.

I wanted you to see what real courage is, instead of getting the idea that courage is a man with a gun in his hand. It’s when you know you’re licked before you begin but you begin anyway and you see it through no matter what. You rarely win, but sometimes you do.

The boy felt himself lifted up in his brother’s strong arms, held close as he had not been since he was a small child. But he did not find that strange. Something was breaking through his numbness, painful and wet, and he pushed his face against his brother’s hard, cold shoulder; as if he were already remembering his own fierce happiness at once having recognized the fleeting stuff of human majesty

The crownless again shall be king